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Kansas Chief.



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Choice Poetry.

THE SHATTERED LOCKET.

BY JOHN ATCHINSON.

Alas! the light is over, and our boys at last have
Went from the land of the living, away from the
For heavy and hot upon his rays have beat all day—
Twas that, and that of reason, that forced us to run away.
How the sweet, pure down my forehead—'tis black as a
"Fate's hand!"—
Face blood-besmeared and horrid—look! 'tis that a dainty
And this glowing gem on my cheek here, from a "Black
Honey" when we met,
But you gave him a gem which never had, my baby boy,
Oh, what if my Sweet could see me, as I lie here smothering
With pain!
Do you think she'd believe I could be any more the same
"My little boy!" she'd say, "my little boy!"
Thank God! she's safe in the city, away from the
But here I've her beautiful image, in this locket, round my
neck.
Let me gaze on the cherished features—look again on the
tiny feet,
She died in the case so nicely—oh, sweet, ingenuous girl!
What, broken—'tis a God, with a heart—'tis a God, with a
such a place!
Yes, shattered and smothered and broken—no vestige of
our love!
The rest was enough for my spirit—I thought destruction
were best—
And though I sought death in the battle, was carried away
with the rest;
And rather than come back beaten, I'd have them bring me
dead—
But to think that a traitorous bullet has stolen one hair of
her head!
Enough have I hated you, devil, since Bill was shot at my
side,
But now in my breast, like a demon, ever-present hate
shall abide;
Death came not to me when I sought it, where bullets fell
thicker than rain—
But you've torn from my eyes her sweet image; could
death bring my soul with more pain?
Alas! no more in my quarters can I steal away from the
boys,
Leaving song, and jest, and laughter, and all their rest-
ing noise.
To sit me down in quiet, and taking them from my breast,
Look, love, and kiss the sweet image, as long and so fondly
as I care.
No more on my lonely picket—starting quick at each little
sound—
Knowing well, to give me "my ticks," their accents are
prowling around,
Can I pause, and glance at her features, by the pale moon's
faint gleam,
And kiss the place in the darkness, as I wait for another
beam.
Well, I'll look to my snug old quarters, and sleep the boys
I'm safe,
Oh, some rambling lullaby party may show me a pretty
waif;
But here on my gun I'll sit—'tis this little, unguessed part—
And right o'er my broken locket more true to each Rebel
heart.

Select Tale.

THE FIRE ZOZAVES!

A TALE OF THE DEATH OF COLONEL ELLSWORTH.

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES K. HARTSTEIN, OF THE NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER III.

At length, after the country was almost
quiet, came the news of the attack upon
Sumter, and the issuing of the President's
Proclamation, calling for volunteers.
I confess that I thought there was
need enough of them, for the secessionists in
Washington began to talk large, as though
the Capital was their particular property,
and the Northerners had better leave with-
out delay.
One afternoon, I met Ellsworth coming
from the direction of the White House.
"I leave to-night," he said, "for New
York. Will you go with me?"
"For what?" I asked, forgetting for the
moment that I had made a promise.
"To raise a regiment of Fire Zouaves. Come
with me. You shall have a Cap-
tain's position."
At any other time I would have jumped
at the proposition, but I had something at
stake at Washington which prevented me,
and explained the matter to Ells-
worth, who was satisfied. We shook
hands and parted, with the best of feeling
on his part, and warm friendship on mine.
When I next saw him, he was march-
ing over Pennsylvania Avenue, at the head
of over ten hundred men, whose discipline
caused even the United States Army of-
ficers to wonder at the rapid manner in
which the young Colonel had drilled them.
I think that this was a proud mo-
ment for Ellsworth.
"Served as firemen, hey? Well, then,
they should be able to stand in front of a
hot fire, and I think they will," and the
General went back to his office, to study
maps and hear reports of scouts and spies,
and when the history of this rebellion is
written, people will be astonished at the
secret information which the Government
possessed of all the movements of the
rebels in the succeeding States. A few
nights after, I found Ellsworth at his
quarters in the House of Representatives,
and his face beamed with pride as he
told me.
"What do you think of my Pet Lamb?"
he asked.

"They are fine, soldier-like fellows," I
answered, "and will do good service in
battle."
"They rallied to my call by hundreds,"
he said, with enthusiasm. "I could get
another regiment of the same material in
a week's time."
"They are a little gay, are they not?"
I asked, as I saw one of the Zouaves
smash a comrade's hat over his eye and
jerk a piece of tobacco from his hand, and
disappear in a crowd before the victim
could recover from his astonishment.
"They are lively. Just the material
for soldiers, though; and if I live six
months, you will see how well they can
conduct themselves."
"Livesix months!" I repeated. "Why,
what is to prevent you from living twenty
or thirty years, unless you rush into the
face of danger like a madman?"
"I have a reputation to make," he re-
plied, "so that I can render myself worthy
of one whose name you have never yet
heard me mention."
"Ellsworth," I said, "you are in love
with some young girl, and have an idea
that you must perform exploits of de-
perate valor to win her. Give up all such
notions, and take matters calmly. I
would not run my head against a line of
bayonets, for I certainly could be of no
use to her after I had received several
wounds in the region of my heart; and I
am sure that if she should shed a few
tears for me, that would not bring me back
to life."
"You have but little romance in your
disposition," he said, with a quiet smile.
"Not when it comes to fighting for fair
woman's smiles," I answered. "Fair
women, I have always noticed, have
more smiles for a live man than twenty
dead ones. It is in their nature, and can't
be helped. So don't expose yourself for
a woman, for I shan't."
The young Colonel passed his arm
through mine, and we walked apart from
the rest of the officers.
"I want you to volunteer and go on
my staff," he said. "It will give you
something to do, and you will be better
able to take charge of your company
when it arrives. You know that you have
received an appointment in the New York
volunteers."
"I have been told so. I asked Governor
Morgan for the position, and he gave it to
me. I had a friend at court who spoke
highly of my military talent, and the Gov-
ernor thought it was all right. I am to
report after the regiment arrives here."
"Then you will accept of my offer?"
asked the Colonel.
"I suppose that I might as well. When
shall I commence active duties?" I asked.
"To-night," was the prompt reply.
"Confound it, I'm engaged at a dinner
party."
"That must be given up. You are now
under my command. In an hour's time
we shall commence active service. Come,
let us go and get some supper, and change
our clothes for those not quite so showy."
By this time the Zouaves were eating
their supper, and as we passed them, they
saluted the Colonel with a freedom which
showed their independence.
"Say, looking man, whose hair was
cut so close that he did not think it ex-
pedient to bring a comb with him, 'when
are we to have a brush with them seces-
sioners?"
"As soon as we get ready for them,"
was the reply.
"Ah, bring on your secessioners, if they
can be found. Let's see how they look.
Are they different from other men?"
"They are a little lively," said Ells-
worth, as we left the Capitol, "but time
will tame them. I had rather command
such a regiment of humor-loving fellows,
than a steady-going brigade. There is
more fun in them."
I thought so, for at that moment I saw
one of the Zouaves shine up a lamp post
like a monkey and light his pipe by the
gas light, to the great indignation of one
of the city police, who remonstrated.
"Who are you?" asked the Zouave,
turning the man round and looking him
over.
"I am a policeman," was the answer,
in a surly tone.
Neither of the parties was in the
mood for a fight, and watched the move-
ments.
"Are you for the Union?" asked the
Zouave.
"No matter what I'm for. Don't you
do that again. That's all," and the of-
ficer was about to walk off, when the Zo-
ave detained him.
"Just you hold still, my Christian
friend," said the New Yorker. "We
ain't much acquainted, we ain't; but there
never was a better time to be introduced.
I'm a Fire Zouave, I am, and I belong
in New York, and I'm a Union man, and I'll
smash the head of any secessionist that
don't like it, even if he is a police officer,
or any other kind of officer, now mind
what I tell you."
"You go to your quarters, or I'll find
quarters for you," said the officer.
"Oh, you will, will you?" asked the
Zouave, who grew more Yankee as he
talked. "Do you know our boys? Do you
think they will be rode over by the
rebels in the succeeding States? Oh, you
don't, do you? Take your hand
off me."
The officer had laid a hand upon the
Zouave, and he did not take it away
when ordered. The soldier raised his
hand and let it drop upon the head of the

policeman, and he fell as though struck
with a sledge hammer.
"You'll find me at home any time in
the morning," cried the soldier, turning
and walking toward his quarters, and
singing as he went.
I had no sympathy for the policeman,
for most of his class were rank secession-
ists, and plotting against the Government
on every opportunity. I was only sorry
that he was not punished more, for the
traitors took every opportunity to annoy
the soldiers; and while the latter re-
taliated, and gave the police some trouble.
We went to the hotel and had supper,
and then changed our clothes; and after
that operation, I asked Ellsworth what
he intended to do.
"I will tell you, in a few words," he
answered. "We are going to Alexan-
dria to-night."
"For what?"
"To see what we can find. I observed
a number of secession flags flying there
to-day, and I want one of them."
"We shall be shot," I said, dolefully.
"We certainly shall be, if we are seen.
But that we must avoid. Come. It is
ten o'clock, and time for us to start."
"Are we to go alone?" I asked.
"No, I shall take four of my Pet
Lambs with me. We will cross the Potomac
in a boat, and land undiscovered."
I thought there would be no danger in
that, so I consented. We returned to the
Capitol building, and Ellsworth selected
four of his men, a corporal and three pri-
vates, and we started. We had by this
time reached the edge of the river undis-
covered, and one of the Zouaves soon se-
cured a boat, and we entered it and pulled
slowly for Alexandria, where we
hoped to land without observation by the
sentinels. But they were as vigilant as
the United States troops.
"Boat, ahoy!" cried one of the re-
bels.
"Head the boat down stream, Ells-
worth said; 'that fellow has got his eyes
open."
We pulled along a little further, and
at last got under a bank, where we thought
no one would notice us, and then we
stepped on shore. The night was dark
and the town was quiet, but we knew the
country, and which way to turn our steps.
"One of you stay by the boat, and the
rest follow me," Ellsworth said, crawling
up the bank on his hands and knees, an
example which the rest of us followed.
The coast seemed clear, but we stopped
for a moment to listen. We could hear
nothing, and we went on; but suddenly, as
we turned a corner, came a challenge and
the rattle of a musket.
"Who goes there?" the sentinel asked.
"A friend," cried Ellsworth.
"Advance, friend, and give the coun-
ter-sign," was the order.
To my surprise, two of the Zouaves
suddenly left us and disappeared in the
darkness.
"Confound them for cowards," I
thought. "Such men won't stand fire."
Ellsworth advanced to within a few feet
of the sentry, and was stopped by a bay-
onet at his breast.
"My friend," said the Colonel, "we
are just from Richmond, and are anxious
to reach headquarters. We are friends.
I must send for the officer of the guard
before you can pass," the sentry said.
"That won't do," I whispered to Ells-
worth; but before the Colonel could re-
ply, I saw the two men, who had left us
a moment before, sprang forward, grasp
the sentry's gun and cover his mouth
with their hands, and hold him by the
neck so firm that he could not make the
least noise.
"Carefully, boys," cried Ellsworth, in
a whisper. "Don't hurt him. He be-
longs to one of the first families, I sup-
pose. Bring him this way."
The Zouaves carried the rebel to a dark
vacant spot of land, and then laid him
on the ground, his hands tied behind him.
He did not say one word, but he trembled
a little.
"Gag him," cried the Colonel, "and
then one of you stay and guard him."
This was done. A bayonet was lashed
across his mouth and between his teeth,
and then we continued our travels in
search of adventures.
"If we could remove the flag from the
top of the Marshall House," Ellsworth
said, as we stood in a narrow street and
saw the rebel busting floating over the
boat.
"We can't do that," I remarked.
"No," he sighed. "I must attempt
that another time."
A shudder passed over his frame, and
he pressed his hand upon his heart.
"What is the matter?" I asked.
"Nothing. One of my old attacks
come, let us move."
"There's a flag, Colonel," cried one of
Zouaves, in a whisper, pointing to a staff
from which floated the rebel bunting.
"Yes, and a sentry is guarding it."
"He don't amount to much," the
Zouave said, in a tone of contempt; "I'll
double him up in short order."
"Go," said Ellsworth, "but be cautious.
We are near the town, and an alarm
might cause us trouble."
The Zouaves vanished as though the
earth had suddenly opened and received
them. So quietly had they glided away
from our sides, that I had not noticed
their movements.
"Who is that young fellow, who ap-
pears so cool and confident?" I asked.
"His name is Francis E. Brownell,"
answered the Colonel. "I have formed a
great attachment for him."
"He should have a commission," I re-
marked.

"He will have one before many days.
He is a man that can be depended upon
under all circumstances."
Just at that moment, the sentinel who
guarded the flag moved as though he ex-
pected danger. From our position, we
could see him glance up and down the
street, and then look up at the flag as
though to be assured that it was still fly-
ing. Then he raised his musket, and
seemed to be examining the cap upon the
nipple. While he was doing so, I saw
two dark forms steal forward and throw
their arms around the sentry's neck, and
after a painless struggle he went to the
earth, and was dragged from the rays of
the gas light.
"Now is our time," cried Ellsworth;
and we rushed forward and cut the hal-
lards of the flag, and it fell to the ground,
and was quickly rolled around the body
of the Colonel.
"Have you gagged the man?" asked
Ellsworth of Brownell.
"He can't speak without the aid of a
friend," the Zouave answered. "He is
sweating as though he was in a steam
bath."
At that instant we heard the report of
a gun, and then followed the long roll of
a drum calling the men to arms.
"We must run for it," I said.
"And be shot in the back," cried the
Colonel.
"That won't do. By the right
flank—file left—march. No hurrying.
There are lights all over the town."
We walked down the street, and were
congratulating ourselves upon our escape,
when a soldier suddenly sprang from a
dark passage-way and brought his musket
to bear upon our breasts.
"Who are you?" he asked, sternly.
"Members of the first families of Vir-
ginia," answered Ellsworth.
"Then go with me to the guard house,"
the sentinel said. "Right about, face."
"The gentleman behind you will have
something to say to that," the Colonel
remarked, coolly.
The rebel turned quickly, and as he
did so Brownell sprang upon him, tore
his rifle from his grasp, and dashed him
to the ground.
"If you move for five minutes, we'll
make you feel this," and the Zouave
placed a knife at his throat, and made
him shiver as the cold steel touched his
flesh.
I looked down the street, and heard the
tramp of men and the galloping of horses,
and I grew a little nervous.
"Let us go," I said, and we struck out
for the Zouave whom we had left to
guard the first sentinel we had encountered.
We could hear the reports of muskets
and the hoarse commands of the men, as
though the rebels were forming in the
line of battle in anticipation of an attack.
We passed on for fear of being over-
taken by a troop of cavalry, and at last
reached the Zouave who was guarding the
prisoner.
"Colonel," said the Zouave, "this fel-
low and his men have been havin' a little
private talk, and I find that he is a Union
feller, and don't know what he has shoul-
dered a musket for. We've talked the
matter over, and I've explained the great
questions, and he's satisfied, and wants to
go with us. He ain't a bad feller, Colo-
nel, though he's been in rather bad com-
pany."
"Let him come—forward."
We turned a corner and walked rapid-
ly towards the boat, and just at that mo-
ment six horsemen dashed towards us.
"Surrender," they shouted, "or we'll
cut you down."
"Cut, and be hanged," returned the
Zouave, and one of them raised his re-
volver and fired.
One of the men tumbled forward upon
the neck of his horse, and the others turn-
ed and galloped off, not even stopping to ex-
change shots, at which lack of courtesy
the Zouaves grumbled.
We plunged down the bank, and found
the soldier whom we had left in charge of
the boat, vigilant and ready for us. We
piled in and shored off, but before we
had reached the middle of the river a
company of horse galloped to the bank
and gave us a volley from their revolvers.
We could hear the lead strike the water
all around us like hail stones, but none
entered the boat.
"Give them a Zouave," cried Ells-
worth, and the men roared out their pe-
culiar war cry, and then pulled on in
silence.
"Haven't we paid rather dear for our
prize?" I asked Ellsworth. "Or, rather,
did we not run too much risk for that
miserable piece of bunting?"
"I'd run more risk than we have en-
countered to-night to lower a secession
flag," he said, with a sigh.
Were his words prophetic, and did
Ellsworth really have some warning that
danger was before him? It did seem so,
and I think that he endeavored to crush
out by his own iron will, all supersti-
tious notions, but did not quite succeed.
We landed in safety, and then turned
our steps towards the headquarters of the
Zouaves.
(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

Miscellaneous.

FREEDOM.

BY MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER.

No plot on the banner of Light!
No Shores in the land of the Free!
No Wrong to be righted where Freedom is Right,
No sin that is shameful to see!
America—show the wide world in its strength,
How sternly determined thou art
To cut from the soil, in its beauty and length,
The cancer that gnaws at thy heart!
Uprose thee! and swear by the Might,
This evil no longer shall be!
For all men are brothers, the black as the white,
And sons of our Father are we!
America—now is the perilous time,
When safety is safely decreed
To riding the heat of old habits of sin,
And simply repeating indecencies.

ARTEMUS WARD SEES THE PRINCE NAPOLEON.

Notwithstanding I haint writ much for
the papers of late, nobody needn't flatter
themselves that the underlined is dead.
On the contrary, "I still live," which
words was spoke by Dan'el Webster,
who was an able man. Even the old
line Whigs of Boston will admit that
Webster is dead now, however, and his
mantle has fallen into the hands of
some dealer in mud hand close, who
can't sell it. Leastways nobody pears to
be goin round wearin it to any particular
extent, now days. The rightment of whom
I was kernal finely concluded they was
better adapted as Home Guards, which
accounts for your not hearin of me ear
this where the bauls is the thickest and
where the cannon doth roar. But as an
American citizen I shall never cease to
admire the mastery advance our troops
made on Washington from Bull Run, a
short time ago. It was well dun. I
spoke to my wife 'bout it at the time.
My wife said it was well dun.
It haint there's bin determined to per-
tect Baldwinville at all hazards, and as
there was no apprehensions of any im-
minent danger, I thought I would go off
to a pleasure tower. Accordingly I put on
a clean Biled Shirt and started for Wash-
ington. I went there to see the Priests Na-
poleon and not to see the place, which I
will here take occasion to observe is about
as interestin a locality as there is this
side of J. Davis's fater home, if he ever
died, and where I reckon they'll make
it so warm for him that he will sit for
his summer close. It is easy enuff to see
why a man goes to the poor house or the
penitentiary. It's because he can't help it.
But why he should voluntarily go and
live in Washington, is intirely beyond my
comprehension, and I can't say no fairer
nor that.
I put to a leadin horse. I saw the
landlord and sed, "How d'ye do, Squire?"
"Fifty cents, sir," was his reply.
"Sir?"
"Half-a-dollar. We charge twenty-
five cents for looks at the landlord and
fifty cents for speakin to him. If you
want supper, a boy will show you the
dinin room for twenty-five cents. Your
room bin in the tenth story, it will cost
you a dollar to be shown up there."
"How much do you ask as a man for
breathin in this equinoctial morn?"
sed I.
"Ten cents a Breth," was his reply.
Washington hotels is very reasonable in
their charges. [N.B.—This is Sarkas-
m.]
I sent up my keerd to the Prints, and
was immediatly ushered before him. He
received me kindly and axed me to sit
down.
"I have cum to pay my respects to
you Mister Napoleon, hopin to see you
hale and harty."
"I am quite well," he sed. "Air you
well, sir?"
"Sound as a cuss!" I answered.
He seemed to be pleased with my ways,
and we entered into conversation to onct.
"How's Lewis?" I axed, and he sed
the Emperor was well. Eugeny was
likewise well, he sed. Then I asked him
was Lewis a good provider? Did he come
home arly ates? Did he perform her
bed room at an onseasonable hour with
gin and tazy? Did he go to "the
Lodge" on nites when there wasn't no
lodge? Did he often have to go down town
to meet a friend? Did he have an exten-
sive acquaintance among poor young wid-
ders whose husbands was in Califory? To
all of which questions the Prints perli-
ously replied, giving me to understand that
the Emperor was beavin well.
"I ax these questions," my royal date
and most noble highness and imperials,
because I'm anxious to know how he
stands as a man. I know he's smart.
He is cunning, he is long headed, he is deep
—he is grate. But cum he is good'ell
come down, with a crash one of these
days, and the Bonaparts will be Bustid
up agin. Bet yer life!"
"Air you'd a preacher, sir?" he inquired,
altirely sarcastical.
"No, sir. But I believe in morality.
I likewise believe in Meatin Houses.
Show me a place where there isn't any
Meatin Houses and where preachers is
never seen, and I'll show you a place
where old hats air stuffed into broken
winders, where the children air dirty and

ragged, where gates have no hinges,
where wimin air slipshod, and where
mops of the Devil's wild land air paint-
ed upon man's shirt bosoms with tobacco
jokes! That's what I'll show you.
Let us consider what the preachers do for
us before we aboose 'em."
"He said he didn't mean to aboose the
clergy. Not at all, and he was happy to
see that I was interested in the Bonapart
family."
"It's a grate family," sed I. "But
they scooped the old man in."
"How, sir?"
"Napoleon the Grand. The British-
ers scooped him at Waterloo. He wanted
to do too much and he did it! They
scooped him up at Waterloo, and he sub-
sequently died at St. Heleny! There's
where the greatest military man this
world ever produced pegged out. It was
rather hard to consign such a man as him
to St. Heleny, to spend his last days in
catchin mackerel, and walkin up and
down the dreary beach in a military cloak
drawn titely round him, (see picter
books,) but so it was. 'Hod of the Ar-
my!' Them was his last words. So
he had bin. He was grate! Don't I
wish we had a pair of his old boots to
command sum of our Brigades!"
This pleased Jerome, and he took me
warmly by the hand.
"Alexander the Grate was punkins,"
I continued, "but Napoleon was punkins-
er! Alie wept because there was no
more worlds to scoop—and then took to
drinkin. He drowned his sorrows in the
flowin hole, and the flowin hole was too
much for him. It girally is. He un-
dertook to give a snake exhibition in his
boots, but it killed him. That was a bad
joke for Alie!"
"Since you are solicitous about France
and the Emperor, may I ask you how
your own country is gettin along?" said
Jerome, in a pleasant voice.
"It's mixed," I sed. "But I think we
shall cum out all right."
"Columbus, when he discovered this
magnificent continent, could have had no
idea of the grandeur it would one day as-
sume," sed the Prints.
"It cost Columbus twenty thousand
dollars to fit out his exploring expedition,"
sed I. "If he had bin a sensible man,
he'd hev put the money in a hoass railroad
or a gas company, and left this magnifi-
cent continent to the intelligent savages,
who, when they got hold of a good thing
knew enuff to keep it, and who wouldn't
have scooled, nor rebelled, nor knocked
Liberty in the hed with a slingshot.
Columbus wasn't much of a feller, after
all. It would hev bin money in my
pocket if he'd staid to home. Chris-
tians meant well, but he put his foot in it
when he sailed for America."
We talked sum more about matters
and things, and at last I riz to go. "I
will now say good bye to you, noble sir,
and good luck to you. Likewise the same
to Clotidy. Also to the gorgeous per-
sons which compose your soot. If the
Emperor's boy don't like livin at the
Tooleries, when he gets older, and would
like to embark in the show bizness, let
him come with me and I'll make a man
of him. You find us sumwhat mixed,
as I before observed, but come again
next year, and you'll find us clearer nor
ever." * * * Then advin him to
keep away from the Peter Funk anctions
of the East, and the proprietors of cor-
ner lots in the West, I bid him farewell
and went away. Yours moctly,
WARD,
(Artemus.)

A WAR-SONG OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY JOHN NEAL.

Men of the North! look up!
There's triumph in your sky;
A splendid glory hangs out,
Great shadows hanging by.
Your strength—where is it now?
Your quiver—can they spend?
Your sword is in the rust of death?
Your fishers' nets are empty?
Yet there you lie asleep!
A star is every tree;
A shout from every wave;
A challenge on every side;
A moan from every grave;
A battle in the sky;
Ships thundering through the air—
Jerusalem on his hands—
Men of the North! in prayer!
Now, now—in all your strength,
Now, now—in all your might,
Above, about you, and below,
Like stars in canopy.
Lift up your eyes, and see
The changes overhead;
Now hold your breath, and hear
The muzzling of the dead.
See how the midnight air
With bright comets burns,
Thrumming with giant spears,
Banner and spear by jars.
The sea-gull driving in,
Solently and swift;
The moon swirls—stars dropping out—
The very stars adrift.
The Everlasting God,
Our Father—Lord of Love—
With cherubim and seraphim,
All gathering above.
The stormy plume is lighted up,
As forth he was they go;
The shadow of the Universe
Upon our banners show.
Virginia as She Might Be, and as She
Is.
Far be it from us to exult at the mis-
fortunes of Virginia—to exult at seeing
the land of Washington and Jefferson
converted into an arena for contending
armies—at seeing her fields deluged with
blood, or desolated with fire and sword.
But what has occasioned these calamities
to visit her—these visitations of affliction
to be poured out on her? Her own re-
cency and treason assuredly, not the pas-
sion and precipitancy of the North. Had
Virginia hearkened to the counsels of her
separated patriots, instead of heeding the
sophisms of her living demagogues, her
capital would not now be the head-
quarters of rebellion, her territory the theatre
of civil strife. However great, then, or
prolonged her sufferings in the present
war, to her own account they must be
charged. Having given herself up to the
slavery-power and become deaf to the
voice of his duty and loyalty, she must
not wonder that the "gods have made
whips of her voice to scourge her." Or,
if she will persist in laying her misfor-
tunes at other people's doors, let her as-
cribe them to those who may fairly be
deemed to have contributed to her mis-
fortune, that were so prompt in evincing
their gratitude to her for succoring by
kindly transferring to her soil the waste
and the miseries of the conflict.
The rewards which Virginia has re-
ceived for her treason are, indeed, precisely
of the same stamp and value as those
which her devotion to slavery has won
from the first produced for her. By position
climate, fertility and extent she is entitled
to rank foremost among the States of our
Union, and once held that pre-eminence.
But how are the mighty fallen! Since
the days of Washington, the Mother of
States and Statesmen has descended to
the fourth or fifth rank in the sisterhood,
so that even Ohio, which was founded
almost within the memory of men still
living, at present exceeds her in wealth,
population and power. Her physical ad-
vantages, her ancient prestige her political
supremacy, have been sacrificed by
Virginia to the welfare of the peculiar
institution; and what return have her
oligarchy made her for all this devoted-
ness, for all this impatience of the high-
est interests and duties at the shrine of
her idol? They have reduced the
mass of her citizens to degradation and
penury, have blasted her prosperity, par-
alyzed her strength, rendered her less and
less and object of respect; and finally,
by dragging her into this nefarious rebel-
lion, and making her a party to the
scheme for breaking up our Union and
establishing another power on our con-
tinent, they have taken measures to consum-
mate her ruin and wretchedness, have
filled full the cup of the iniquity. Great
however, as is the height whence Vir-
ginia has fallen, and deep as are the depths
into which she has sunk, she seems un-
conscious of the cause and extent of her
infamy and decline, clinging still with
more than oriental intemperance and fanat-
icism to the worship of the Juggernaut
which preys on her vitals; determined,
apparently, whatever her sufferings,
whatever her miseries, whatever her
absence, not to abandon the temple of
the Moloch at whose altar she has so long
burned. Sci. Am.—N. Y. World.